The Lord's Demise

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Summary: The last moment's of Lord Babi's life. His last words, spoken from his deathbed, with Iodem at his side.

Chapter 1: The Lord's Demise

A/N: I wrote this quite some time ago. If you see any glaring problems with it, then please feel free to notify me, and I will see what can be done. Also, I don't particularly care if this contradicts Dark Dawn (since Tolbi wasn't so much as mentioned), I wrote this before then.
Some parts of this get a little 'meh' for me, I wrote Iodem a little weird and I think it detracts from the story. But then again, Iodem always did seem a little too devoted to Babi.

Also, given that this is a fanfiction site, I obviously don't own these characters.

And there I watched him.

I watched him in his final moments, lying there, coughing, like the old man he apparently was. All my memories of him were resurfacing –all of them fond, so, so fond. How I treasure such memories. Memories of him.

I couldn't help but feel the emptiness, a void settling in my heart –Who could replace Him? Who could ever replace Lord Babi? Who would ever –

"Iodem."

The sound of his voice shook me from my musings. I directed my gaze down towards him. His head, resting on the pillow, facing me, his eyes, distant, looking up at me, his mouth preparing his last words.

"Iodem." His voice, weak. So unlike the strong, sturdy voice of the Lord Babi I knew.

"Yes, Lord Babi?" He grabbed my wrist, to make sure he had my full attention.

"Iodem, I want you to lead Tolbi."

"But L-Lord Babi, I –"

"I am a dying man, Iodem."

"What are you saying? Lord Babi, Isaac and his friends are searching for Lemuria as we speak! Surely –"

"And I have faith that Isaac will find Lemuria. However, I will no longer be around when he does."

I bit my lip, uneager to think about such a prospect. He couldn't die, not now, not when we were so close to finding it.

"You have always been close to me Iodem –Like the son I never had. You have known me all your life, and I have educated you, in politics, in leadership. I have no doubt in my mind that you'll make an excellent ruler for Tolbi."

"Lord Babi –"

"Not yet. I understand if you have objections to this, Iodem, after all, you are free to choose your own path. Don't be afraid of refusing my offer, Iodem. I won't be offended."

"Lord Babi, I would be honored to Lead Tolbi."

"That's good, Iodem, that's good. I'm proud." Lord Babi smiled. 'Twas a rare occurrence, his smile, as Lord Babi usually wore a look of hard-set determination. Such an expression was never used in jest, since Lord Babi was no joker. His smiles were of the sad and serious variety, smiles

only meant for me. I concentrated and burned the image into my memory. This would, most likely, be his last smile. These were his last words, his last minutes of life in our plane of existence. In a short while, the Lord Babi that I knew, that Tolbi knew, would be no more, and I would take his place as Tolbi's ruler.

His grip on my arm slackened, and my Lord Babi was dead.

I may have been like a son to him, but to me, he was so much more.